

## Jack has a Thing For King

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## Jack has a Thing For King

by [xandermartin98](#)

### Summary

Quite possibly the only Jack X King fanfic anyone will ever make for Cave Story. I almost wish it wasn't.

# Chapter 1

It all started in Mimiga Town, deep inside the mysterious floating island up in the sky, about three days before the events depicted in Cave Story, the best-selling autobiography novel that swept the world, even happened. There I was, poor bespectacled me, just one of the many white-furred rabbit-like humanoid creatures living here, sitting on a big old rock right next to my guard post at the door to the graveyard, with my chin cupped in my paw-like hands, thinking.

I was thinking mainly about the awful things that had happened recently, but I was also concerned about something else that was far more intimate and personal, something I have been reluctant to reveal to the public for quite some time. I don't really know how to describe this accurately, but...I sort of have a thing for King.

And no, I'm not "gay" or anything; I just...really like him. Me and him have been the best of friends for as long as I can remember, which means a lot to me. Although he hates explaining the biological process behind birth to children, he even once told me that we both unknowingly shared the same womb together, before we were even born. Honestly, I do find that to be pretty gross, yet strangely fascinating at the same time.

Growing up, the two of us studied together, had sword duels with each other, worked out together, ate flowers together, and even looked after our excruciatingly cute green-shirted little sister Toroko together. We always loved calling her "Cuddle Bunny", and she would always giggle and blush adorably when we did so. However, much to our chagrin, she herself also loved to nuzzle our ears and give us Eskimo kisses constantly, even while we were trying to study. Seriously, she coddled us even more than our own mother did.

Sometimes, when we were sleeping next to each other (because our beds were crammed right next to each other next to the bookshelves), she would even sneak into our house and tickle us practically to death on all of our most sensitive spots (mostly our naturally bare feet, which were always sticking out from the covers of the beds). I was always the ticklish one, so by the time she was done, I would always end up having to clean the tears out of my glasses from how hard she made me burst out laughing. Yeah, she always thought I was a dork.

Worst of all, every time she did it, King would try to give her an oatmeal raisin cookie as punishment, and then Toroko would cry and whine and beg for a chocolate-chip cookie instead. Because of how ridiculously adorable her sparkly, beady little puppy-dog eyes and drooping ears always were, our father Arthur would always foolishly give in to her request as a way of pacifying her. King and I just groaned and rolled our eyes every time he did so.

When she got around to actually eating the chocolate-chip cookie, we saw that even the way she ate was deliberately made to be as adorable as humanly possible. First, she would sit and nibble on it like a happy little chipmunk. Then, she would curl up into a giggly wiggly little bunny-ball and say "thank you" like a stereotypical anime girl, proving that sometimes, cuteness CAN get you whatever you want. Never stopped me from dressing like a nerd, though.

For some reason, Toroko would only sleep in the shack next to our house, all alone, by herself. Luckily, she had a sleeping bag to keep her warm, even if her obsession was a little weird. She never really explained why she always slept there, she just said that it made her feel comfortable.

Still, seeing her sugary-sweet, innocent, chubby-cheeked, giggling, fluffy little bunny face poking out of her sleeping bag like a fuzzy little caterpillar in its cocoon while we told her bedtime stories was pretty much the cutest thing ever invented. Every single time we did this, I would end up

passing out from how ridiculously cute it was, and King would end up having to catch me before I hit the yellow concrete floor. I would probably be lying if I said that it never got old.

The real problem with Toroko, however, was that she constantly pooped everywhere, and at one point she even squeezed into my hat and took a nap in it while I was asleep, forcing me to permanently superglue my hat onto my head so that she would stop doing it.

But I digress. One day, King and I (and Toroko) suddenly realized that we had grown up into what appeared to be the beginning of a violent war. Evil humanoid robots, commanded by an infamous man from Germany known as the Doctor, were attacking our town from all sides. People were dying, and the only way for our race to defend itself was to eat red flowers, which in turn caused people to go berserk and eat each other.

One day, in the middle of this horrible disaster, Arthur grabbed a sword and a pack of granola bars and told us he was heading out through the house's rarely used teleporter to do battle with the fearsome, fabled Red Ogre of legend. We had no idea whether or not he was going to make it back alive...well, to make a long story short, he didn't. Legend has it that the Red Ogre disposed of him quickly and ate him for lunch.

Shortly afterward, robots busted into our house while Mom was sleeping and then brutally murdered her while we cowered in a corner. Overtaken by grief, King decided to cook one of the last remaining red flowers and eat it, permanently turning the whites of his eyes orange.

Luckily, this didn't transform him, but it did give him a very thuggish and unsettlingly aggressive face as a trade-off for his newly acquired superhuman strength. The scar on his face, which he had gotten accidentally when we unwittingly agreed to use real swords in one of our fencing matches, didn't help either.

Going into the previously forbidden shed behind our house and "stealing" one of Arthur's spare swords, he valiantly declared that from that day forward we were going to make our living from his hunting prowess, a talent that he predictably learned from Arthur's guidance, alone.

Although that might sound like a bold statement, there wasn't really anything else we could do. There were only five Mimigas, including us, left in town, and our resident dopey fat guy Mahin is such a shameless glutton that he just never stops eating all of our food.

Unfortunately, the only good things to hunt were these rhinoceros things and bouncing gel blob creatures in the nearby Egg Corridor. Of these two species, one of them was extremely hard to chew and the other tasted like snot Jello. Predictably, my favorite species was also my least favorite to eat.

One day, however, a strange blue-shirted little Mimiga girl who was almost as cute-looking as Toroko stumbled into town! We weren't really familiar with her, but we let her live in town with us anyway. She had this weird X-shaped scar on her face where her nose was likely supposed to be, and I couldn't quite pinpoint why. However, she seemed friendly enough and she got along wonders with Toroko, which King was annoyed by.

One day, in the shack where Sue and Toroko were playing cute little games with each other on the day when the actual "story" part of this story began, King had gotten so fed up with Sue that he eventually snapped.

"SUE! For the millionth time, STOP harassing my little sister!" King commanded her.

"But me and Toroko love each other!" Sue explained.

"Yeah, Sue is my bestest friend in the whole wide world! Aww, come on, don't take her away from me!" Toroko complained.

"I'm sorry, Toroko, but this is getting out of hand." King explained, causing Toroko to sniffle and then start bawling her eyes out.

"Oh, don't worry, my dear, it's okay, it's okay...shh...shh..." King comforted her, picking her up, hugging her and patting her on the back.

"I love you, Kingie!" Toroko purred, kissing King on the cheek, which caused him to blush a little.

"I love you too, cutie-pie." King complimented her back, setting her down. "But Daddy needs to go and have a talk, okay?"

"Okay!" Toroko agreed, smiling from cheek to cheek. "Awwwww..." I thought to myself, smiling as King and I walked out, leaving Toroko...lonely? Actually, no, even the local bees and butterflies love her, so that isn't a problem.

ONE LONG ARGUMENT IN ARTHUR'S HOUSE LATER...

"Now do you get it?" King asked Sue. "You're not one of us yet! I'm trying to teach Toroko NOT to go around talking to strangers! Hell, how do we even know for sure that you're a real Mimiga?"

"Umm...because...I look like one?" Sue lamely replied.

"Whatever, just leave. Shoo. I've got other things to deal with right now, if you don't mind." King concluded, gently pushing her out of the house.

"Anyway, Jack...I've noticed that you've shown a somewhat abnormal level of interest in me lately. What's the deal with that, huh?" King asked me.

"Um, well...I...I..." I stammered, trembling and sweating a little, afraid to admit it.

"Come on, this is important! I need to know how you feel! Come on, man, we're like brothers to each other!" King demanded, putting his hands on my shoulders and shaking me into focus.

"Um...can I come back later?" I asked him.

"Sure..." King sighed. "Look, if you're gay for me, just admit it. I wouldn't be surprised by it anyway, to be honest."

"Yeah, I wish my abs and toes were as sexy as yours." I just barely stopped myself from saying as I walked out of the house.

"Poor kid just doesn't know how to talk to people..." I could hear King say as I shut the door.

"Damn it, this is bad!" I told myself, snapping my fingers in frustration. "I must find a way to get King to like me! Hmm, looks like I'm going to need some dating advice. But first..."

"Hey, King, can I give you a foot massage?" I asked as I opened the door to Arthur's house and walked back inside.

"Well, my feet do feel a little bit tired...sure, I guess." King sighed, pulling his purple robe up and extending his pink-padded soles out toward me. "Go right to town on them."

"Oh my god, King. Your feet are so...beautiful..." I moaned, drooling at the mouth. "Uhh, thank

you...I guess." King replied with a weird look on his face as he crossed his legs on the table, took out a gaming magazine and started reading it.

Indeed, his feet were absolutely gorgeous. They were statuesquely shapen like a pair of human feet, the fur on them was incredibly smooth, their toes had dainty little cat-claws on the ends of each, he had a golden toe ring on his right big toe with a silver one on his left, and just to put the icing on the cake, he even had his name, "KING", tattooed in big capital letters onto both of his soles. (Okay, maybe that was a little bit narcissistic of him, but I was already far too thoroughly seduced to even care.)

"Have fun." King said flatly, wiggling his toes a little as he flipped to the next page of his magazine. And oh boy, was it fun.

As I began, I could feel my dextrous thumbs sneaking through his majestic arches, around his heels, up over the balls of his feet, into his sweet spots, across his metatarsals, and onto his glorious toes. "Oh yeah...that feels so good...do it some more!" King requested, throwing his robe off and revealing his abdominal muscles as I began licking his feet like a dog.

"Ohhhhhh..." King purred; it might have been the first time I had realized just how cute King actually was, as it was probably the first time someone had actually made him purr like a kitten. I even licked between his toes and sucked on them a little.

"Oh, man, this is the best time I've ever had in my life- OHHHHHH!!!" I moaned loudly, accidentally busting out my load onto King's face as he lowered his magazine.

Needless to say, I was literally kicked out of the house. Seeking advice, I decided to head over to the Assembly Hall and ask Sue for advice. "Go away." she replied.

With no other options, I then chose to head on over to the graveyard, the place that I guarded the door to every single day. Climbing up a ladder into the storehouse, I decided to talk to a cute little blue mushroom named Ma Pignon.

"Um, MP? I'd like to discuss something important with you." I requested.

"Is it about you being gay again?" MP sighed.

"Yes, actually, how did you know?" I sighed back. "Anyway, do you have any advice for me?"

"Here, eat this mushroom." MP suggested. "It'll make it so that you know what to do."

And so I ate the mushroom. "Ooh, I don't feel so good..." I moaned as I passed out onto the floor.

In my dream, I saw what was basically the LSD-induced intro to that weird old Cho Aniki game for the PS1, except with the weird naked blue Fruit-Roll-Up man replaced with me, and the random pictures of naked men floating by in the background replaced with random naked pictures of King.

I woke up screaming. "Oh my god, what the hell WAS that!?" I yelled at MP. "You gave me the wrong type of mushroom again, didn't you?"

"So wrong...yet so right!" MP replied.

"Wait a minute...you're so right! THAT'S IT! I've got it!" I realized, jumping for joy. "Thank you, MP, now shake hands with me!"

"Um, I don't have any hands." MP pointed out. "Oh, right..." I sighed, shrugging my shoulders.

"Anyway, what's your plan now?" MP asked me.

I then whispered my plan into his ear. "Oh, you dirty, dirty boy!" MP chuckled. "Well, here's a pink dress, some makeup, a golden wig, a purse and some mistletoe. Hope this crazy idea works!"

I knew that King loved going on Kanpachi's motorboat tours of the little river at the local reservoir lake, so I took off all of my normal clothes, put the girly ones on, applied some lipstick, and waited there on the boat, hiding my normal clothes in the storage crate at the back of the boat. Luckily, I was able to do a perfect girl impression.

"Umm...who are you?" King and Kanpachi asked me a few minutes later as King stepped onto the boat.

"Umm...I'm Megan! Megane's sister!" I stammered.

"I've got my eye on you..." King warned me as the motorboat set sail through the river, which in this case was a Tunnel Of Love.

"It's a real pleasure to meet you, girl. You're really cute, you know." King complimented me.

"Oh, don't mention it, you cheeky boy!" I blushed, lightly swinging my hand down like a cat paw.

"So, umm...is there anything you wanted to ask me, hot stuff?" King asked me.

In response, I took my dress off (which rendered me shirtless), pulled my iconic green nerd glasses out of my purse and slipped them back on. The second he saw me wearing them, he knew it was me. "Will you marry me, mon frère?" I whispered to him, leaning over him, caressing him face-to-face in my arms.

"WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE?!" King yelled, slapping me across the face. "Oh my god, I'm sorry, are you okay?"

"Yes..." I cried.

"Aw, I'm sorry, I really am, I understand how you feel." King comforted me, giving me a pat on the back. "I know that deep down inside, despite all of your miserable attempts at truly admitting it...you really love me. And I love you too, little buddy. C'mere." he said, hugging me.

And then, in the middle of our wonderful family reunion, being the lovable douche that I am sometimes, I literally pulled the mistletoe right out of my ass and dangled it over our heads.

"Oh my god, you have GOT to be kidding me..." King stammered, blushing up a storm.

"Come on, you know you've always wanted to do this..." I teased him playfully.

And so we kissed.

THE END

## The Foot Job

Soon after our gay marriage, I once again found myself sitting on the exact same rock as where I started, with the exact same look of pondering and confusion. You see, I really have been terribly afraid to admit this to the public for quite some time, but it really is genuinely true. You see, I- I-

"I have a thing for King." I suddenly blurted out, with the village's resident fatso, Mahin, standing right next to me.

"What?" he asked, stuffing his face with potato chips.

"I SAID: I have a THING for KING!" I repeated myself, standing up and facing him.

"What? You have a new show on 4-Kids?" he asked me, obviously faking it.

"I SAID I HAVE A THING FOR KING!!!" I yelled aggravatedly at him, grabbing him by the shoulder, pulling him toward me and showing him the incredibly shiny silver ring on my left index finger. "What part of that fricking sentence do you not understand?"

"So does that mean you're...uhhh...it's on the tip of my tongue...uhhh..." Mahin struggled to think of the word that he was clearly trying to say.

"Gay?" I sighed. "In that case, mostly for King. He's been my BFF ever since the day the two of us were both born in the same womb! We showered together, we bathed together, we masturbated together, we slept together even in Chako's bed, we trimmed our toenails together, we surfed the Internet together...hell, we even shared the same goddamned piece of mint-flavored dental floss! Seriously, if you can name it, we did it together!" I explained.

ONE INCREDIBLY LONG LIST READING OF ALL OF THE THINGS THAT KING AND I DID TOGETHER LATER...

"So, uhhh...were you paying attention to all of that, my friend?" I asked him.

"Uhhh...sorry, no, I'm afraid not." Mahin answered. "I'm afraid I was too busy wondering why you never mentioned the breastfeeding part!"

FIVE SECONDS LATER...

"Ow, why'd you throw me off the cliff?!" Mahin whined.

"Figure it out yourself, douchebag. Put two and two together for once! Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some urgent and rather pressing matters to attend to." I explained, heading back into the Assembly Hall, which was exactly as I remembered it except for one thing...there was a giant hot tub in there!

"SURPRISE!!!" King yelled as I walked in, startling me so much that I almost jumped three feet into the air. Turning my head over to the right of me, I saw Sue and Toroko standing in the corner of the room, the former of which carrying a video camera for some odd reason.

"Umm, Sue isn't going to use that video camera for the purpose I think she's gonna use it for...is she?" I asked King nervously.

"Oh, yes I am!" Sue snickered, setting the camera to recording mode.

"Umm...King? I really don't wanna do this in public with girls watching us...especially when one of them has a visual recording device with the capability of uploading videos onto the Internet..." I explained, trembling a little from the wonderment of what exactly it was that he was going to make me do.

"Come on in, the water's fine!" King encouraged me. "Look, if you don't take your shirt off and hop in now, I'm going to kick you in the nuts."

Ah yes, classic King. While he certainly was a heroic and noble badass, he always was an egotistical, narcissistic douchebag jock as well, in case you couldn't tell from the obviously excessive amount of decorations on the soles of his feet. I mean seriously, who in the hell has his name literally tattooed onto his bare fucking soles?!?

"Okay, fine. You win." I sighed, accepting his offer despite the fact that he was obviously trolling me by setting up this undeniably bizarre and unnatural predicament for me. I could hear the girls wolf-whistling and thumping their feet as I smoothly slithered my naked body into the hot tub; of course, I shot both of them a look of disapproval as punishment.

Anyway, there we were, me and King naked together in a hot tub. The possibilities were endless, and nearly every single one of them involved sex in at least some way or another.

"So," King began, "it would seem that you have an awful lot of career potential here in Mimiga Town, given the fact that you somehow inexplicably managed to rebuild the entire fucking place with your bare hands, am I right?"

"You are very much correct, sir, husband, sir!" I agreed, glancing over at the girls to make sure that they weren't getting too creepy over there. Toroko's reaction was hilarious; she didn't even have the first clue what was going on. She was in her own heart-meltingly adorable little world, what with her curling up into a literal furball and rolling around the room like an actual sphere, making the most indescribably adorable little squeaky noises and nibbling on the floor grass while doing so.

"Therefore," King explained, "I personally think that you would make an amazing...24/7 graveyard guardian! What do you say to that, huh?"

"NO! There is no WAY I am standing in front of the door to that stinking place 24 goddamned 7 just to guard the village from monsters that are already completely freaking harmless anyways! You can kiss my ass!" I ranted angrily, infuriated beyond belief that he still had the nerve to suggest this stupid job to me. Honestly, what do I look like to him, someone who never even freaking completed college?

"Oh, that's part of what I'm planning to do here, amigo." King whispered in my ear, wrapping his arms around me and squeezing me against his awe-inspiringly muscular chest.

"Um...you too! Heh! Heh!" I laughed nervously, sweating a little.

"Look, if you won't accept my job recommendation for you, then I won't let you do THIS!" King tempted me, lifting his left foot out of the water and sticking the mouth-wateringly gorgeous bare sole in my face, wiggling his toes seductively while doing so. "Could you...tickle my feet a little?" he asked, winking at me. "I'm feeling a little blue."

My face was blushing so hard that I actually thought the blood vessels within were literally about to burst, but I eventually worked up enough courage to dig in. As my thumbs once again deftly swept across his sole and rubbed every single one of his sweet spots into a state of absolute relaxation, King moaned considerably louder than before with sheer sweet pleasure.



"OHHH...YEAAAH...OH MAN, THAT FEELS GOOD...Anyway, the rules to this job are very...AHHH...simple. AHHH...OH YEAH...KEEP GOING, MY FAITHFUL SERVANT...NOW HERE'S MY RIGHT FOOT..." he moaned, begging me to keep going.

"OH, YESSS...anyway, as long as you stay on guard...OOO...and do what you're told...GOD, YOU'RE DOING SUCH AN AMAZING JOB...NOW HERE'S BOTH OF MY FEET...COME ON AND LICK THEM...DON'T BE AFRAID..." he moaned, clearly acquiring almost as much of an erection as I was.

"OHHH MY LORRRD...SWEET JESUS, THAT FEELS SO SATISFYING...GOD, I CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE HOW MUCH YOU MUST BE ENJOYING THIS..." he moaned almost-but-not-quite orgasmically as I licked all over the tops and bottoms of his feet as if they were lollipops.

"Um, guys, Toroko got into the beer!" Sue yelled at us.

"I'm sleepy...YAY! NAPPY TIME WITH MY TEDDY BEAR, MR. CUDDLES! Tee hee hee! Uh-oh, Mr. Wee-Wee's going leaky-leak!" Toroko squeaked adorably.

"Yuck, I stepped in her piss puddle! Eww!" Sue winced in disgust.

"NOBODY CARES!" King yelled back as I continued testing him to see how far he would go before having an orgasm. "Here comes the airplane..." I muttered to myself as I opened my mouth real wide and stuck King's foot into it. "MMMMMMFFFFH!!!" I grunted loudly, nearly creaming my nonexistent pants from how truly, irresistibly scrumptious it tasted.

"OHH MAN...THE SEXINESS...I DON'T THINK I CAN EVEN TAKE IT ANYMORE! MERCY! MERRRCY!" King moaned as I sucked on his toes like a thirty-dollar hooker sucking dick,

"Anyway, as long as you stay on..OHHHHHHHHH...guard and do what you're...OOOOOOOOH...told, you'll recieve a pretty solid...AHHHHHHHHH...paycheck!"

Suddenly realizing that we were being watched, I asked King the one question I never imagined myself asking him before. "Please kill me. Now."

"Later." he replied, causing Sue to roll on the floor laughing as King suddenly wrapped his feet around my throbbing, pulsating...ahem...love handle.

"Oh my God...this is SO fucking gay..." I thought to myself regretfully as I proceeded to wrap my own feet around his pulsating, throbbing...ahem...red rocket.

"S-Should we really be doing this?!?" I stammered in terror at the thought of what the general public's reaction to this would be.

"Of course. The writer wants us to. Now say it. Say the line, and we shall begin." King commanded me.

"At your wish, my lord and husband...bonjour, mon frere." I whispered in his ear, swallowing my pride and beginning the final stretch that would officially drive us to the greatest climax of our lives.

As we vigorously and rapidly pumped each other's dicks with our feet, becoming more and more aroused by the millisecond, I suddenly remembered all of the great times I had had with King during our childhood...like those times when he would scrub the school chalkboards with my face, or that time when he poured hot vinegar into my glasses, or that infamous time when he dangled me off the edge of the Outer Wall...god damn, was I happy to still be alive at this moment in

particular.

"OHXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX...AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH  
MY GOD, IT FEELS SO FUCKING AMAZING, I THINK I'M ABOUT TO EXPLODE, I  
LITERALLY CAN'T FUCKING CONTAIN MY EXCITEMENT  
ANYMORE...AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!!!" we both screamed  
simultaneously with pleasure as semen literally gushed from our dicks, causing the water in the hot  
tub to turn white.

"God, can you imagine how many fangirls of ours would literally die just to swim in that mess?" King asked me.

"Don't even mention it, pal." I laughed, high-fiving him and trying desperately not to vomit in the process.

"Hey, look how many views this video got on Youtube!" Sue giggled.

"Oh my God, we are so dead..." King and I gasped, fainting onto the floor.

"Hey, what's this white stuff in the water?" Toroko asked curiously, sticking her finger into the water and licking it.

## THE END?

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